Theſe hands ſhall never draw'em out like lightning
To blaſt whole Armies more.
Arcite. No *Palamon*,
Thoſe hopes are Priſoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes muſt wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age muſt finde us,
And which is heavieſt (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The ſweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kiſſes, armd with thouſand Cupids
Shall never claſpe our neckes, no iſſue know us,
No figures of our ſelves ſhall we ev'r ſee,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright armes, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-eyd Maides, ſhall weepe our Baniſhments,
And in their Songs, curſe ever-blinded fortune
Till ſhee for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſhe has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We ſhall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Sommer ſhall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter muſt inhabite here ſtill.
Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That ſhooke the aged Forreſt with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we halloa, no more ſhake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilſt the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-ſteeld Darts: All valiant uſes,
(The foode, and nouriſhment of noble mindes,)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die
(which is the curſe of honour) laſtly,
Children of greife, and Ignorance.
Arc. Yet Coſen,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts ryſing, two meere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe, to hold here a brave patience,

And the enjoying of our greefes together.
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me periſh
If I thinke this our priſon.
Pala. Certeinly,
Tis a maine goodnes Coſen, that our fortunes
Were twyn'd together; tis moſt true, two ſoules
Put in two noble Bodies, let 'em ſuffer
The gaule of hazard, ſo they grow together,
Will never ſincke; they muſt not, ſay they could,
A willing man dies ſleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uſes of this place
That all men hate ſo much?
Pal. How gentle Coſen?
Arc. Let's thinke this priſon, holy ſanctuary,
To keepe us from corruption of worſe men,
We are young and yet deſire the waies of honour,
That liberty and common Converſation
The poyſon of pure ſpirits; might like women
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy bleſſing
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being thus together,
We are an endles mine to one another;
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting
New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppreſſour
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We ſhall live long, and loving: No ſurfeits ſeeke us:
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſines,
Quarrels conſume us, Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might ſicken Coſen,
Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble hand to cloſe mine eies,
Or praiers to the gods; a thouſand chaunces
Were we from hence, would ſeaver us.